Middletown Transcript.

VOL. V. MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1872. NO. 1.

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MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, July 2—y

Original Poetry.

For the Middletown Transcript.

THE LAST KISS.

INSCRIBED TO M. W. L. BY C. H. E.

The last, the last! it lingers still,
Though weary days have fled,
Though autumn's bloom
Is in its tomb,
And all its glory dead.

The last, the last upon my lips
Thy seal of truth is press'd,
And in my heart
Love's echos start,
Their music ne'er rest.

The bright, blue heaven is clouded now,
And moans the wintry blast;
Fond memory sighs
But hope replies,
"That kiss was not the last."

'Tis when I yield my wearied form
To slumber's magic powers,
By thy dear side,
My greatest pride,
I rove through Dreamland's bowers.

Oh, dim are all my present joys
To those that greet me there,
And in my dream
It doth not seem
That Heaven can be more fair.

Gray morning breaks o'er yonder hill;
My visions bright are past,
Yet ere they fly,
The spirits sigh,
"That kiss was not the last!"

When twilight's magic hour draws nigh,
And thought is roaming free
When evening's breeze
Sighs through the trees,
Thy image comes to me.

Oh, 'tis a holy presence then
That's stealing o'er my breast;
The magic power
Of that sweet hour
Lulls my lone heart to rest.

And on my brow I felt a touch,
A breathing touch of bliss;
The spirit-sigh
I hovering nigh,
That touch, the spirit-kiss.

'Tis here, 'tis here! I feel it now—
Yes, o'er my heart 'tis cast,
And voices sweet
Once more repeat
"It will not be the last."

Original Story

KESWICK GRANGE.

A STORY OF THE NEW YEAR.

Written for the Middletown Transcript BY W. J. THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

There was once a world,
And a brave old world,
Away in the olden time:
And the men were brave,
And the women fair—
For the earth was in her prime.
The Troubadours.

To the reflecting and polished mind, there is a strange yet pleasing fascination in contemplating the ruins of the Mediæval Ages. Whether on the banks of the storied Rhine, the murmuring Seine, or the meandering Thames, these crumbling relics of a bye-gone age arrest the attention and challenge the admiration of the beholder. Grand, even amid desolation and decay, they bear the impress of the hands which reared them. They speak to us of a time when man was what he seemed—of a period when, if there was less of knowledge, there was more of real happiness; less of science, but also less of sophistry. But these hoary and massive ruins are dear to the generous mind for another and more important reason. They remind us of the RISE OF CHIVALRY and the triumph of CHRISTIANITY—and of that strange admixture of Love, Religion and Romance which gave to the Chivalric Ages that brightness and immortal renown which is, even now, the admiration of all lovers of the good and the beautiful—for to this day mankind instinctively turn to the Chivalric Era for models of all that is noble and worthy of imitation in the human character.

Amid the cloisters and corridors of one of these Mediæval relics shall I lay the scene of the following story.

I never liked Keswick Grange, with its gothic arches and mouldering turrets, though, like many others, I felt a strange pleasure in wandering amid its ruined corridors and listening to the wind as it sighed through the towers and cloisters of the deserted pile. Situated a few miles from the western shores of Keswick Lake, on a beautiful wooded eminence, the vista from its turrets, of the Lake and surrounding scenery, was at once grand and imposing. Often, when a child, have I lingered amid its weird corridors and "long-drawn aisles," with a sensation of awe and wonderment as I gazed upon its mighty dimensions and old-time appendages. But the grandest part of the Grange is its fine old Gothic Chapel—also the portion of the pile which was in the best state of preservation. Here were the effigies of the knights and abbots who once owned the Grange, and here are the tombs and armorial bearings which blazon forth their many generations. Here, too, are the swords and banners of the Red Cross warriors. Those time-eaten banners were once carried over the walls of Jerusalem and of Acre; those old swords, dim with the oxide of centuries, once cleaved the way of the Cross through the ranks of Saladin's Infidels—but the knights who bore them slee pthe dreamless sleep:

"Their bones are dust,
Their good swords rust—
Their souls are with the saints, I trust."

In the Chapel are also the tombs of the ladies of the House Trevellyn, from the first down to the last. But the last Knight of Trevellyn is not there—for he sleeps not with his fathers. His was a distant resting-place—but the tomb and monument of his Maude stand beside the altar-rails. Dark were the stories told by the simple villagers concerning the deeds of Trevellyn's last Knight—the dark Sir Ralph, as he was called—and often have I listened with an absorbing interest to their weird recital. Gazing in after years upon that venerable pile, the old Chapel with its little community of death, and the crumbling vestiges of vanished pride and glory which everywhere surrounded me—how forcibly was I reminded of the words of Roy:

"The ceilings, richly carved and groined,
With pendant pediments reversed,
A by-gone age recalls to mind,
Whose glories song hath rehearsed.

The corridors, with fret-work traced;
Deep-pannelled doors with sculptured flowers;
The armorial bearings, half defaced—
All speak of proud and long-past hours.

They tell a plain, unvarnished tale,
Of Wealth's decline, and Pride's decay—
Nor less to the mind unveil
The things which cannot pass away."

From the gloomy shades of the abbey Grange, let us turn to the story of its latest inmates—the last of the Trevellyns.

CHAPTER II.

"I knew him not—I sought him not—
He was my father's guest:
I gave him not one smile more sweet
Than those I gave the rest."
T. Haynes Bayley.

Towards the middle of January, 1769, SIR RALPH TREVELLYN returned to England for the purpose of claiming Keswick Grange, now his by reason of the death of his father, Sir Robert Trevellyn, who, however, left the property in an encumbered state. Sir Ralph Trevellyn was scarcely known in the vicinity of the Grange, save by the mysterious tales which were told of his early life—for he had hitherto passed most of his time upon the continent, seldom visiting his native country, and then only for intervals of a few weeks. Born of an Italian mother, whom Sir Robert had wedded at Florence, while on his travels, the new baronet inherited no great liking for England or his English connections. Italy he considered as his country—and, accordingly on his last return to the Grange, he brought with him several of his Italian relatives, among whom was his cousin, ARLETTE MINOTTI—and whom, it was rumoured, Sir Ralph intended to marry. The beauty of Arlette was strictly of the Ausonian type—dark, and voluptuous—while her features discovered that latent passion and fire so peculiar to her race. Sir Ralph had much of the Italian cast of countenance, and, withal, a peculiarly sinister expression, which struck the beholder at first sight. His long, thin red lips, and long, shining teeth, in conjunction with an also long, thin, and hooked nose, gave him somewhat the appearance of a wolf. Of his nose, however, he was particularly proud, calling it "the true falcon beak."

Following a time-honoured custom in such cases, Sir Ralph Trevellyn, on taking possession of his patrimony, paid a visit of ceremony to the neighbouring gentry; and then shut himself up in the Grange—seldom visiting anywhere save at the mansion of Sir Henry Norton, about three miles distant. Meanwhile, it was said that Rir Ralph and Arlette would certainly be married in the second month of Spring; that the nuptials would be celebrated in the abbey chapel; and that the baronet, though of the established church, had yielded to the demands of his Italian friends and sent to London for a certain ecclesiastic of the Roman faith, who had consented to perform the ceremony.

Among the members of Sir Henry Norton's family, was MAUDE MOEBREY—the baronet's ward—and for whom Sir Henry entertained an affection little less than that which he bore to his own family. Maude Moebrey was the last of her race. Her father, a yeoman of the county, had died several years previous to the time of which we write, leaving her to the care of his distant kinsman, Sir Henry Norton, who had promised Walter Moebrey to take charge of Maude until she came of age—at which period a small annuity was to be hers by reversion. It was while visiting the Nortons that Sir Ralph became acquainted with Maude; and his pleasing address and insinuating manner bade her like him, despite his unprepossessing appearance and the mystery which shrouded his life on the continent. This liking of Maude soon grew into a decided preference—till, at length, it became a question with some as to what the baronet really intended. The preparations for his marriage with Arlette Minotti still went on, and so did his visits to the mansion of Sir Henry Norton. The beauty of Maude was of the opposite kind to that of Arlette Minotti. From her Saxon ancestors Maude inherited the fair complexion, blue eyes, and auburn hair peculiar to that people—while the mould of her features was of the purest type of beauty, and her manners had that nameless charm which is the concomitant alone of superior breeding and refinement.

A few days previous to that fixed for the marriage of Sir Ralph and Arlette, the expected priest arrived at the Grange, and with him a mysterious-looking personage, evidently an Italian of distinction, and supposed to be the father of Arlette. During his sojourn of two days, the mysterious stranger kept himself in strict seclusion, not going outside of the Grange. The inmates of the place averred that, during this time, many altercations took place between the unknown and Sir Ralph Trevellyn, and in one of which disputes the stranger said to the baronet:

"It is of no use I tell you, I have you in my power—and the restitution of the sums advanced to you, from time to time, is the price of my secresy!"

Contrary to all expectation, Sir Ralph, the day after the stranger's departure, announced his intention to leave immediately for Italy. He had not, he said, married Arlette, but she would return with him to Florence—where certain matters called for his speedy presence. On the following morning, leaving the Grange in charge of his Italian domestics, he took the stage for York.

Time wore on apace, and no tidings came respecting Sir Ralph. All that could be gleaned from the inmates of the Grange was that the restitution of a large amount in money and jewels, on the part of the baronet, was the price of Arlette's hand.

CHAPTER III.

"Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still.
Is human love the growth of human will?
—*Byron.*

In the month of June, 1769, Sir Ralph Trevellyn returned to England once more. His manner, on this occasion, was entirely changed. The gloominess of his disposition had departed; and he observed toward everyone an urbanity hitherto foreign to his character. His first step was to visit Apsley Hall, and renew his acquaintance with Sir Henry Norton and family. His explanations of his previous movements, and his protestations of singleness of purpose in regard to his acquaintance wit, Maude Moebrey were received with easy credunity by the baronet, and also by Maude—but in the eyes of Lady Norton, Sir Ralph had by no means cleared away the mystery which shrouded his earlier days. However, the proof that he had not married Arlette Minotti, was incontestible—and Maude, herself too willing, was permitted to favor his suit.

It soon became known that Maude and the baronet were to be married. It was now the latter end of August, and the marriage, it was said, would take place the first week in September. Sir Ralph still wore the appearance he had assumed on his return—for that it *was* assumed, a close observer could easily descry. But, for good or for ill, Maude Moebrey was fixed in her resolution to wed the last of the Trevellyns, despite the warnings and forebodings of some who scrupled not to express their convictions. But Sir Ralph, with true Italian duplicity, wore the mask well, and was everything to everybody. Now and then, an expression of regret or dissatisfaction would flit across his face—but he quickly recollected himself, and the tumult of passion which surged within his breast was silenced to outward ken. That he would have preferred to wed his Italian cousin, was believed by those who best knew him; but some insurmountable obstacle appeared to stand in the way of all the schemes he planned to rescue himself from the manacles which, in some shape or other, evidently placed him at the feet of Arlette Minotti's father. That the baronet had committed some dark deed while on the Continent, was mysteriously hinted by some of his Italian domestics—but what was the nature of the crime could not be discovered. Sir Henry Norton, always too sanguine and unsuspecting, argued a total change in the character of Sir Ralph after his union with Maude—but, alas! "do we gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles."

At length, the day arrived which was to see the marriage of the beautiful and amiable Maude Moebrey with the Dark Knight, the last of the Trevellyns.

CHAPTER IV.

"Love's fate upon one die is set—
And that, for her, is cast."
—*T. Haynes Bayley.*

It was a lovely September afternoon, that on which Maude Moebrey wedded the dark Sir Ralph. The abbey chapel had been decorated for the occasion, and the effigies and monumental stones seemed stained in varied hues by the many-coloured window, elaborately decorated and carved. Far away to the northward rose the blue hills bounding the valley of the Lake; while to the south, the silvery sheen of the lake itself reflected the bright, warm rays of the September sun.

The company assembled in the chapel, and the marriage ceremonies began. Sir Henry Norton gave away his ward, who, arrayed in her bridal dress, seemed more lovely than ever. As Sir Ralph and his bride stood there in front of the altar, and as he placed the ring on Maude's finger, the sun, which had shone through the west window of the chancel, now burst in a stream of blood-red light through the nigh west window of the chapel, and, striking across the bosom of Maude, fell in a pool at the feet of Sir Ralph Trevellyn. This incident, not at all strange in itself as a natural phenomenon, appeared, somehow, rather remarkable to those who witnessed it. But it was forgotten in the contemplation of the strange scene which took place soon after.

The nuptials were ended, and the Dean was pronouncing the benediction, Sir Ralph still hobling Maude's hand—when the attention of the company was drawn to the main door of the chapel, by reason of an unusual commotion in that quarter. Several persons, evidently Italians, had entered the chapel—and one, habited in black, advanced up the centre aisle.

It was Arlette Minotti!

Steadily she advanced toward the spot where Sir Ralph and Maude were standing, her dark, lustrous eyes fixed upon the baronet, whose gaze, as she approached, fell beneath hers. Sir Ralph, on first beholding his cousin, could not suppress a look of surprise and remorse; and, dropping, or rather throwing from him, the hand of Maude, he stood, with his eyes fixed on the ground, waiting the approach of his cousin.

Slowly, steadily, the beautiful but dark-minded Italian advanced up the aisle—her look of fierce defiance, thrown alike at the company and at Maude. Approaching Sir Ralph, Arlette spoke:

"And so, Ralph, you are married—married to one whom, you often told me, you cared nothing for. I heard of your intended marriage, and I crossed the seas thinking to be here in time to prevent it. But I am too late. You are nothing to me now, no more forever: and, therefore, before I leave let me tell you that which I think it right you should know. The great difference between us, Ralph, is that I always say what I mean, while you do not. But for this, I might now be your wife. Enough—you are the husband of another; and I who loved you more than any other woman living, must see you borne away as the prize of one whom, you said, you almost despised. There—I have told you all. Leave me; you are nothing, and can be nothing, to me now. Leave me. See, your wife has fainted. Go to her assistance."

"*My* wife!" exclaimed Sir Ralph, with a look of ineffable disgust toward the spot where Maude (who had now recovered) was leaning against the altar rails. "She has enough of them around her—let them attend to her. Come into the Grange. I have much to say to you." Saying this, Sir Ralph led his cousin out of the chapel, leaving his wife and the company to their own reflections.

The ceremony being over, the guests returned home, with the exception of Sir Henry Norton and his wife and daughters, who, at the request of Lady Trevellyn, consented to spend the night at the abbey Grange.

"The strange and unlooked-for events of the afternoon had worked upon the mind of Maude, and a vague fear of impending evil preyed upon her spirits. This feeling was further increased when, at the evening repast, Sir Ralph (who had, previously, a long interview with his cousin) declared his intention of leaving for Italy on the following morning. To the inquiries of Maude, he replied:

"My stay in Italy shall not be long—and I make no doubt that, during the interval of my absence, my cousin Arlette will prove both agreeable and entertaining company."

Arlette assented by a faint smile and an almost imperceptible inclination of her head.

At ten o'clock that night, Sir Ralph took hasty leave of Lady Trevellyn, her friends and his cousin, saying that he would ride over to the village of Highham and take the four o'clock stage.

There was no sleep for Maude that night, and it was determined that all should sit up until day-break. Accordingly, Maude and her friends betook themselves to the large chamber at the foot of the western corridor, which communicated by means of a large oaken panel with Sir Robert's bed-chamber and the rooms on the eastern side of the building. Arlette Minotti reluctantly consented to be one of the party.

It was about one o'clock in the morning. Sir Henry Norton was reading aloud from the last book of "Paradise Lost"—when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard in the western corridor. Arlette Minotti turned pale, and regarded the company with suspicious glances. Nearer and nearer came that footfall, until it seemed to enter Sir Ralph's chamber.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Maude, springing to her feet, that was Sir Ralph's footstep! I know it! I cannot be mistaken!"

"It certainly sounded like his footstep," observed Lady Norton.

A few moments after, the same tread was heard in the eastern corridor—and then the sound died away. Sir Henry examined the bed-chamber and the arras, and finding nothing, returned and resumed his reading. But scarcely had he read a page, when the mysterious footfall was again heard as though advancing up the western corridor. It stopped—then advanced—and stopped again.

"That is Sir Ralph!" cried Maude. "Let me go out to him, and see what this means."

"It cannot be my cousin," observed Arlette; "for he would not return from the village at this hour. Moreover, he did not know, when he left, nor yet did I, that your company was going to remain with you until morning."

This information surprised each one present, and filled the minds of all with a vague suspicion of something they knew not what. Some dark revelation, at the same time, appeared to have burst upon Maude's mental vision—for she gazed at Arlette with a look of mingled dread and wonderment.

Scarcely had Arlette finished speaking, when the mysterious footfall was once more heard.

"I shall call the old steward Giocchi, and search the building," exclaimed Sir Henry Norton.

"I would be glad if you did," answered Maude.

The Grange was partially searched—but no one was found secreted anywhere. However, Giocchi stated that he had seen a figure in a cloak leaving the covered way behind the arras.

Morning came at length, and Maude awakened from a short and fitful slumber, observing:

"I had one of the strangest of dreams. I thought that it was winter, and New Year's night. A great noise in Sir Ralph's chamber awoke me, and I saw the large panel there broken in pieces, and a bloody hand thrust through the opening."

After breakfasting with Maude, the Norton's returned home. Sir Henry having to proceed to Edinburgh on affairs of importance, advised Maude to accompany the family. But she refused, saying she would await the return of the baronet.

CHAPTER V.

"Blood follows blood—and through their mortal span,
In bloodiest deeds they end who first in blood began."—*Byron.*

The stay of Sir Henry Norton at the Scottish capital proved longer than he had expected. It was the last day of the year when the baronet returned to Apsley House; and his first enquiries were concerning Maude. But no one would give any information in regard to the Trevellyns—they had neither been seen nor heard of, for some months.

Sir Henry Norton, and his cousin Captain Bouverie, decided to visit the Grange on the following morning; and accordingly, on the New Year's morning they proceeded thither, accompanied by Lady Norton and her daughters.

Much to the astonishment of all, the Grange was deserted. The main entrance was tried. It was locked. Sir Henry and his party entered by the covered way which led from the chapel, and thus gained access to the upper chambers. The oaken stairs and massive rosewood furniture were covered with dust. The building had evidently not been inhabited for some time. As if by a common impulse, all proceeded to the chamber occupied on the night of Maude's marriage with the Baronet.

What'a sight here met the gaze of the explorers!

The heavy oaken panel of Sir Ralph Trevellyn's room had been broken in. The floor of the chamber was stained with blood, as were also the yellow silk curtains of the bed. The bell-rope had been cut—and the print of a bloody hand was on the wall, nigh it. Something shining on the floor attracted Captain Bouverie's attention. He picked it up. It was a diamond *aigrette*, with the initials "R. T." graven on the centre stone.

Evidently a deed of blood had been committed in that room. But who were the perpetrators? Who the victim?

The first thought of Sir Henry Norton was to desist from further search, and advise the authorities at Carlisle of the discovery which had been made. On the following morning two commissioners arrived, and at once proceeded to search the Grange.

The building was explored from turret to foundation—but nothing was found which could throw any light upon the dark deed committed in that upper chamber. The commissioners were about to lock the entrances to the Grange, and depart, when Sir Henry Norton observed the stains, of blood on the arras in the western corridor. Following these stains, they led down to the subterranean passage connecting the Grange with the chapel, at the entrance to which they ceased—but the western wall bore the prints of bloody hands, as though some one, staggering under the weight of a heavy load, had leaned against it for support. The chapel was now searched from this entrance, but the mystery remained unsolved, and the commissioners were once more going to depart, when Sir Henry Norton, who had been for some moments intently gazing upon the large slab in front of the altar rails, suddenly exclaimed:

"*She is under that stone!*"

The stone was examined, when it was found that one corner of it was raised about two inches above the level of the floor—which, as Sir Henry observed, must have been done since the afternoon of Maud's marriage, as, on that day, he had noticed that particular corner to be even with the floor and the base of a momement on the right.

To remove a stone twelve feet square and several inches in thickness, the party required assistance, which was sent for, and on its arrival, the stone was slowly moved from its place, disclosing the body of Maude Trevellyn, arrayed in the same white dress which she wore on the day of her marriage with the baronet.

All efforts to find a clue to the perpetrators of the dark deed proved utterly fruitless. That Sir Ralph Trevellyn, and his cousin Arlette, were principals in the work of blood, will appear from the narrative. But who aided them in removing that stone? They never did it without help. Who were their abettors? Certainly the old steward Giocchi, and the two female domestics, could not have proved sufficient for the task. That Sir Ralph had assistance from persons outside of the Grange, is clear. But the entire mystery is one of those which shall not be deciphered until that day when the sea and the earth shall unfold their dark secrets.

Of Sir Ralph Trevellyn and his guilty paramour Arlette Minotti, nothing was ever after heard. After the lapse of thirty years, no one claiming the property, the Grange and its lands escheated to the Crown—and the home and last resting-place of the beautiful but ill-fated Bride of Trevellyn was left to its silence and its desolation.

THE "BASEST FRAUD ON EARTH."

A writer in the Cincinnati *Times*, having perused Horace Greeley's book about farming, with the immediate effect of becoming muddled, indites the following, which he is careful to explain "is not by H. G."—

The basest fraud on earth is agriculture. The deadliest *ignis fatuus* that ever glittered to beguile, and dazzled to betray, is agriculture. I speak with feeling on this subject, for I've been glittered and beguiled, and dazzled and destroyed by this same arch deceiver.

She has made me a thousand promises, and has broken every one of them.

She has promised me early potatoes, and the rain has drowned them; late potatoes, and the drowth has withered them.

She has promised me summer squashes, and the worms have eaten them; winter squashes, and the bugs have devoured them.

She has promised cherries, and the curculio has stung them, and they contain live things, uncomely to the eye and unsavory to the taste.

She has promised strawberries, and the young chickens have enveloped them, and the eye cannot see them.

She has promised tomatoes, and the old hens have encompassed them, and the hand cannot reach them.

No wonder Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is that he didn't kill his father, and then weep because he hadn't a grandfather to kill. No doubt his early rose potatoes, for which he paid Adam $7 a barrel, had been cut down by bugs from the head-waters of the Euphrates. His Pennsylvania wheat had been winter-killed, and wasn't worth cutting. His Norway oats had gone to straw, and would not yield five pecks per acre, and his black Spanish watermelons had been stolen by boys who had pulled up the vines, broken down his patent picket-fence, and written scurrilous doggerel all over his back gate. No wonder he felt mad when he saw Abel whistling along with his fine French Merinoes, worth $8 a head, and wool going up every day. No wonder he wanted to kill somebody, and thought he'd practice on Abel.

And Noah's getting drunk was not at all surprising. He had become a husbandman. He had thrown away magnificent opportunities. He might have had a monopoly of any profession or business. Had he studied medicine there would not have been another doctor within a thousand miles to call him "quack;" and every family would have bought a bottle of "Noah's Compound Extract of Gopher Wood and Anti-Deluge Syrup." As a politician, he might have carried his own ward solid, and controlled two-thirds of the delegates in every convention. As a lawyer, he would have been retained in every case tried at the Ararat quarter session, or the old Ark high court of Admiralty. But he threw away all these advantages and took to agriculture. For a long time the ground was so wet that he could raise nothing but sweet flag and bull rushes, and these at last became a drug in the market. What wonder that when at last he did get half a peck of grapes that were not stung to death by Saphe's honey bees, he should have made wine and drowned his sorrows in a "flowing bowl."

The fact is, agriculture would demoralize a saint. I was almost a saint when I went into it. I'm a demon now. I'm at war with everything. I fight myself out of bed at 4 o'clock, when all my better nature tells me to lie still till 7. I fight myself into the garden to work like a brute, when reason and instinct tell me to stay in the house and enjoy myself like a man. I fight the pigs, the chickens, the moles, the birds, the bugs, the worms; everything in which is the breath of life. I fight the docks, the burdocks, the mullens, the thistles, the grapes, the weeds, the roots—the whole vegetable kingdom. I fight the heat, the frost, the rain, the hail—in short, I fight the universe, and get whipped in every battle. I have no more admiration to waste on the father of George Washington for forgiving the destruction of his cherry tree. A cherry tree is only a curculio nursery, and the grandfather of his country knew it. I have half a dozen cherry trees, and the day my young George Washington is six years old I'll give him a hatchet and tell him to down with every cherry tree on the place.

Franklin was a printer. Bolivar was a druggist. Mahomet Ali was a barber. Virgil was the son of a porter. Milton was the son of a shop-keeper. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayershire. Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler. Cardinal Woolsey was the son of a pork butcher. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer. Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester. Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. John Jacob Astor once sold apples on the streets of New York.

In Surprise Valley, California, there are a number of small lakes. One of these has recently run dry, leaving a sediment or bed of superior salt, clear as crystal, from four inches to a foot in depth, and covering an area of fifteen miles in length by six miles in width. It was never before supposed that these lakes contained any salt and the water was always considered clear, fresh water, with some alkali in it, as most of the fresh water in Northern California possesses.

Some girls are like old muskets; they use a good deal of powder, but seldom hit

GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL SALE.

Wm. M. Kennard & Co.

306 MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,

Offer from this date, Dec. 11th, 1871,

Their entire line of

DRESS GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS,

and all classes of

WHITE GOODS,

at greatly reduced prices, in order to close out stock by the end of the season.

Those still in want will find the assortment full and complete and the best kind of

BARGAINS TO BE HAD.

SAMPLES AS USUAL BY MAIL, AND THE GOODS AT THE

REDUCED PRICES.

January 6, 1872—1y

GEO. W. INGRAM & CO.

Brokers & Real Estate Agents,

BROAD STREET ABOVE MAIN.

Middletown, Delaware,

ATTEND PROMPTLY TO THE COLLECTION OF

NOTES, DRAFTS, BILLS, &c. &c.

NEGOTIATE LOANS, PURCHASE & SELL STOCKS ON COMMISSION,

And offer for sale

Valuable Real Estate,

Comprising some of the most desirable Farms on the Peninsula.

Correspondence by mail solicited.

Refer by permission to the following named gentlemen:

Hon. R. C. Holliday, Sec. of State, Annapolis, Md.	
W. R. Bergholz, Memphis & El Paso Pacific Railroad, N. Y.	
R. Atkinson, Banker, 41 Broad st. N. Y.	
Hon. Richard Schell, 50 Wall " "	
Col. Blanton Duncan, Louisville, Ky.	
Geo. Beir, Adj. General, Baltimore, Md.	
Geo. W. Karsner,	McDonough.
J. W. Vandegrift,	"
Seyfert, McManus & Co.	Philadelphia.
Gen. Robert Patterson,	"
B. F. Chatham,	Phila. Nat. Bank.

march 17—tf

BOWERS'

Complete Manure,

MADE FROM

Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted free from adulteration, and equal in quality to any sold during the last five years.

Experience in the use of "BOWERS' COMPLETE MANURE," by the best farmers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the Cotton States, has resulted in proving it to be

THE BEST FERTILIZER

OFFERED FOR SALE.

HENRY BOWER,

MANUFACTURING CHEMIST,

Grey's Ferry Road Philadelphia.

DIXON SHARPLESS & CO.

40 SOUTH DELAWARE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, AGENTS,

And For Sale by all leading dealers.

TO CARPENTERS and BUILDERS.

Worden & Evans,

SMYRNA, DELAWARE,

MACHINISTS AND SAWYERS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

SASH, DOORS, MOULDING, BLINDS,

FLOORING, FRAME LUMBER, &c &c

All kinds of sawing done. Machinery made and repaired. Iron work of all kinds.

The latest improved sash machine has been put into their establishment, and all work will be done at Philadelphia Prices. [June 3-tf]

7-30 GOLD LOAN

OF THE

Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

Rapid Progress of the Work.

THE building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last,) is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Seven thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed 266 miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running 130 miles of finished road, and track-laying is progressing towards the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has 413 miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least 500.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co. are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a profitable and perfectly safe investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have 30 years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency,) and are secured by first and only mortgage, on the entire road and its equipments and also, as fast as the road is completed, on

23,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or 500 acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from U. S. Tax; principal and interest are payable in gold; denominations; coupons $100 to $1,000; registered, $100 to $10,000.

LANDS FOR BONDS. Northern Pacific 7-30's are at at all times receivable at 10 per cent. above par, in exchange for the Company's lands, at their lowest cash prices. This renders them practically interest bearing land warrants.

SINKING FUND. The proceeds of all sales of lands are required to be devoted to the purchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The land grant of the road exceeds fifty million acres. This immense sinking fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment, accessible to the people, which is more profitable or safe.

EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES. The success of the new government 5 per cent. loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five-Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.

OTHER SECURITIES.—All marketable stocks and bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. Express charges on money or bonds received and on Seven-Thirties sent in return, will be paid by the financial agents. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc. can be obtained on application at any agency, or from the undersigned:

JOHN McLEAR & SON,
Bankers and Principal Agents for Delaware, No. 602 Market Street, Wilmington.

For sale at the Citizen's National Bank, Middletown.

aug 26—3m

FOR SALE

AT

MIDDLETOWN NURSERIES,

50,000 HEALTHY PEACH TREES.

sept 9—tf E. R. COCHRAN, Proprietor. Middletown, Del.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL. SEPT, 1871.

E. R. COCHRAN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*:—It gives me pleasure to state that the 2,500 peach trees purchased from you four years ago have turned out as represented in every particular. They are large and healthy and the fruit this season was of superior quality and very abundant. The same number of trees purchased of you last Fall are also healthy and doing well.

SEWELL GREEN.

WILMINGTON,

220 AND 222 MARKET STREET.

Now offering to customers and the trade, SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN

HOLIDAY GOODS,

COMPRISING THE CHOICEST NOVELTIES IN

WORKED FABRICS,

OF THE

FRENCH, GERMAN, SWISS AND VIENNA MARKETS. Also,

BRONZES, TURKEY AND RUSSIA LEATHER GOODS.

The stock in every department is always ordered with the utmost care, and is of such a class as to render it worthy, we trust, of the discriminating tastes of our people.

GRANVILLE WORRELL.

Dry Goods, Carpets and Oil Cloths.

Dec 16, 1871—1y.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!! SHAWLS!!!

WATER-PROOF CLOAKINGS, HEAVY CANTON FLANNELS,

HEAVY-WOOF FLANNELS,

MALLILIEU'S KERSEY,

MEN'S HEAVY WINTER BOOTS,

&c. &c. &c.

SCOWDRICK & COCHRAN,

October 14, 1871—1y MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. CORNER EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA,

Are now offering for the FALL and WINTER TRADE an unusually large stock of

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

SILKS,
DRESS GOODS,
BLACK ALPACAS,
LINEN GOODS,
BLANKETS,
MUSLINS,
FLANNELS,
SHAWLS,
WATER-PROOF CLOAKINGS,
LADIES' CLOAKINGS,
BLACK ASTRACHANS,
BLACK BEAVERS,
WHITE FUR BEAVERS,
PLAIN WHITE BEAVERS,
BLUE CLOTHS,
WHITE CORDUROYS,
VELVETEENS,

We have lately taken advantage of the low prices attendant on a tight money market, and BUYING FOR CASH, have been able to secure many

GREAT BARGAINS.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. corner Eighth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

Sept 9, 1871—6mos.

---

228 EDWARD MOORE, 228

Manufacturer of FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

ON HAND, MADE UP IN THE LATEST STYLE AND BEST MANNER.

ALSO, A GREAT VARIETY OF

PIECE GOODS, for Order Work.

Apr 22—1y 228 MARKET ST. Wilmington, Del.

1871. NEW STOCK 1871.

OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED, and to be sold at low prices,

FOR CASH!!

All styles of LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS,

Ladies' Kid and Morocco Gaiters and Balmorals; also, Morocco Shoes without heels.

Large variety of

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS. CLOCKS, &C.

MEN'S AND BOYS'

FINE READY MADE CLOTHING,

Of various styles and makes.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,

HATS AND CAPS,

Large stock of Men's and Boys' BOOTS, Gents' Fine Calf Boots, made to order, $6.00 to $7.00.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

BUFFALO ROBES AND HORSE COVERS,

BLANKETS—White and Grey;

COVERLIDS,

CANNED VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

Buyers will please call and examine our stock before purchasing as we are determined to sell low.

sept 30, 1871—1y S. R. STEPHENS & CO. Middletown, Del.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ DEAFNESS BLINDNESS and CATARRH treated with the utmost success, by J. ISAACS, M. D. and Professor of *Diseases of the Eye and Ear (his specialty) in the Medical College of Philadelphia*, 13 *years experience*, (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 805 Arch street, Phila. Testimonials can be seen at his office. The medical faculty are invited to accompany their patients, as he has no secrets in his practice. Artificial eyes inserted without pain. No charge for examination. apr 29—1y.

DELAWARE CITY STILL ALIVE.

H. HORNER

having purchased the entire outfit of the Delaware City Hotel, from Dr. F. S Dunlap, will succeed him in the management of the house, and will endeavor to please all old patrons of the house as well as all new ones that may call.

His bar will be supplied with the choicest liquors, cigars, &c. and his table with the best the market can afford.

Twelve year's experience in the business, in the South and in Philadelphia, he hopes will enable him to keep a house satisfactory to the public generally.

Dec 16—3m

FRUIT TREES

AND

SMALL FRUIT PLANTS

FOR SALE, AT ODESSA NURSERIES, ODESSA, DELAWARE.

PEACH, PEAR, & CHERRY TREES

FOR FALL PLANTING; ALSO.

SMALL FRUIT PLANTS

Of all kinds, and a general assortment of Nursery stock.

sept 23—tf POLK & HYATT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

CHEAPEST AND BEST OF ALL!

SPLENDID OFFERS FOR 1872.

THIS popular Monthly Magazine gives more for the money than any in the world. It has the best colored fashions, the best original stories, and the best engravings of any lady's book. Great and costly improvements will be made in 1872, when it will contain

ONE THOUSAND PAGES!
FOURTEEN SPLENDID STEEL PLATES!
TWELVE COL. BERLIN PATTERNS!
TWELVE MAMMOTH COL. FASHIONS!
ONE THOUSAND WOOD CUTS!
TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF MUSIC!

All this will be given for only Two Dollars a year, or a dollar less than magazines of the class of "Peterson." Its

Thrilling Tales and Novelettes

Are the best published anywhere. All the most popular writers are employed to write originally for "Peterson." In 1872, in addition to its usual quantity of short stories, *FIVE ORIGINAL COPYRIGHT NOVELETS* will be given, viz: BOUGHT WITH A PRICE, by Ann S. Stephens; THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS, by Harry Danforth; ONCE TOO OFTEN, by Frank Lee Benedict; LINDSAY'S LUCK, by Miss F. Hodgson; and A WIFE, YET NOT A WIFE, by the author of "The Second Life."

Mammoth Colored Fashion Plates

Ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, twice the usual size, and contain six figure. They will be superbly colored. Also, several pages of household and other receipts; in short, everything interesting to ladies.

TERMS—Always in Advance:

One copy, for one year	$ 2 00
Five copies, for one year	8 00
Eight copies, for one year	12 00

SUPERB PREMIUM ENGRAVING.

Every person getting up a club of five at $1.60 each, or eight at $1.50 each, will be entitled to an extra copy of the Magazine for 1872, and also to a copy of the superb parlor mezzotint (size 24 inches by 18,), "Five Times One To-Day," which, at a store, would cost four dollars. Specimens sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up Clubs. Address,

CHARLES J. PETERSON,
No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct 28—tf

NOTICE!

THE annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of St. Georges and Appoquinimink Hundreds, New Castle county, Delaware, will be held at the Hotel of Wm. T. Chance, in Odessa, on Monday, the first day of January, A. D. 1872, at 1 o'clock, P. M. at which time seven (7) Directors will be elected to serve for the ensuing year, and the INTEREST on the deposit notes at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum will be required to be paid.

The Coupons due January 1st, 1872, on certificates of indebtedness, must be presented to the Treasurer, in order to have the amount allowed on annual payment of premium.

JOHN C. CORBIT, President.
CHAS. TATMAN, Secretary.

Odessa, Del. Nov. 27, 1871—1m

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY.

FACULTY:

HUDSON A. WOOD, A. M.
Principal and Instructor in the Higher Branches.

MRS. MARY WOOD,
Preceptress of the Primary Department.

MISS ADELE F. HYNSON,
French and Instrumental Music on Piano.

MRS. HELEN A. MUNN,
Assistant in the Academical Department.

FRANK F. WOOD,
Teacher of Phonography.

MISS AGNES J. PENNINGTON,
Organist.

☞ For full information relating to the school, send for a Catalogue.

Dec. 2—1m

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

ALL persons who have not paid their town tax and school tax, in District No. 94, for the present year, are requested to call on the undersigned and settle the same on or before the 20th day of December, instant, or they will be compelled to pay costs.

DeWITT C. WALKER, Treas.

Middletown, Del. Dec. 9th, 1871—1m

ELECTION NOTICE.

NEW CASTLE CO. NATIONAL BANK OF ODESSA, December 4th, 1871.

THE stockholders' annual Election for nine Directors of this Bank, will be held in the Banking House on Wednesday, January 3d, 1872, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M.

Dec 9—3t J. L. GIBSON, Cashier.

FOR SALE.

A Wharf and Granary in Odessa. The wharf has a frontage of 319 feet, and the granary is 57 feet by 224 feet with a garner capacity of about 10,000 bushels, with ample storage room on the lower floor.

The property is in good order (the wharf having been recently repaired) and it will be sold at a moderate price on reasonable terms.

CHARLES BEASTEN,

Nov 25, 1871—5t Odessa, Del.

NOTICE TO POULTERERS.

WE, the undersigned, will pay the highest cash prices at

RICE'S OLD BANK,

for Poultry of all kinds delivered in good order, every day, excepting Fridays and Saturdays.

E. B. RICE.
Nov. 25, 1871—tf R. E. COCHRAN.

FOR SALE.

ONE pair of first-class MULES, six years old, fine size, gentle, and will work anywhere. Also, one Odd Mule, will be sold very cheap.

SAMUEL FENIMORE,

Nov 25, 1871—1m* Odessa, Del.

FOR SALE.

SEVERAL Durham Thorough-bred and Grade Bulls and Heifers, (yearlings and two-year olds). Address,

GEO. Z. TYBOUT,

Nov 18—4w* Red Lion P. O., Delaware.

MISS AGNES J. PENNINGTON,

TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN,

MAIN ST., MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Nov 18, 1871—tf

For Rent.

A New Corner-Store and part of the house in Odessa, Del. It is a good stand for any business. Inquire of or address

J. J. CALLAHAN,

Dec 23—3w* Odessa, Del.

Register's Order.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,

NEW CASTLE COUNTY, Dec. 15, 1871.

Upon the application of James C. Matthews, Administrator of Alexander Averil, late of St. Georges Hundred, in said County, deceased; it is ordered and directed by the Register, that the Administrator aforesaid give notice of the granting of Letters of Administration upon the Estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof, by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters, in six of the most public places in the County of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the Estate, to present the same, or abide an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. And also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the *Middletown Transcript*, a newspaper published in Middletown, and to be continued therein two months.

Given under hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at New Castle, in New Castle County aforesaid, the day and year above written. B. GIBBS, Register.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the Estate of the deceased must present the same duly attested to the Administrator on or before December 15th, 1872, or abide an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

JAS. C. MATTHEWS, Administrator.

Dec. 23, 1871—2m Address—Odessa, Del.

LEWIS W. STIDHAM. FRANK C. STIDHAM.

L. W. STIDHAM & SON,

AUCTIONEERS,

No. 111 EAST FOURTH STREET,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Sales of Real and Personal Promptly attended to in any part of the State.

Regular sales at their Auction Rooms every Wednesday and Saturday Morning.

All goods consigned to them will be promptly attended to. Terms will be moderate.

Liberal advances made on consignments.

Dec 23——2m*

PEACH FARMS.

WE now offer at reasonable prices a large variety of Peach Farms in Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's, Talbot and Dorchester counties, Maryland, and in New Castle, Kent, and Sussex counties, Delaware, in all parts of the great peach district of this peninsula. These farms are all accessible by railroads, and many of them upon navigation, and generally well improved. To parties desiring to locate upon the peninsula and to engage in the cultivation of small or large fruits, vines, flowers, and the cereals we will guarantee to suit them both in locality, size of farm, price and improvements.

Send for circulars. No charge for showing land will be made *bona fide* purchasers.

Correspondence solicited.

GEO. W. INGRAM & CO.

July 22, 1871—tf Middletown, Del.

ARCH STREET HOUSE,

No. 1, Arch St.

Philadelphia,

C. W. LOCKE,

Proprietor.

march 4—tf

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

GO TO

DUNNING'S, No. 2, TOWN HALL,

who has on hand a complete assortment of

Useful and Fancy Articles,

suitable for Presents, &c. which will be sold at the lowest Cash prices, consisting in part of

BRACKETS, TABLES, RUSTIC & OVAL FRAMES, CHROMOS, WRITING DESKS, WORK BOXES, AND FANCY GOODS

IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

BOOKS, MONOGRAMS, (French and plain)

DIARIES FOR 1872.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

Dec. 16—1m

THOMAS DUPUY,

37 SOUTH SECOND STREET,

Above Chestnut, East Side, Philadelphia,

Would call the attention of those wishing to purchase Carpetings, to his large and choice line of Foreign and Domestic, both in relation to qualities as well as styles. Also Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Rods, &c. &c. at the lowest cash prices.

N.B.—J. STEWART DUPUY is *not* at 253 S. 2nd St. but *is* with Thomas Dupuy.

sept 9, 1871—3mf—s.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS

1871. PHILADELPHIA 1871.

WALL PAPERS.

HOWELL & BOURKE,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Paper Hangings and Window Shades,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SALESROOMS,

CORNER FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

Factory—Corner Twenty-third and Sansom Sts.

Oct. 21, 1871—3m

MIDDLETOWN IRON FOUNDRY

AND

MACHINE SHOP.

PLOWS and Plow Castings, Machine Castings of all kinds on hand or made to order.

Particular attention given to Repairing Machinery. Cash for old Iron.

WM. L. BUCKE & SON,

Jan 4-tf Founders and Machinists.

NOTICE.

HIGHEST cash prices paid for Turkeys, Geese Ducks and Chickens, by

JAMES T. SHALLCROSS,

Dec. 1st, 1871—tf Middletown, Del.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the firm of *SHALLCROSS & WILLIAMS* for Bricks, will please come forward and pay their bills on or before 1st of December. After that date, I shall proceed to collect the same according to law.

JAMES T. SHALLCROSS,

Oct 28—tf Collector for the Firm.

DAVID T. STUART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DOVER, DEL.

OFFICE North end of Court House.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims.

June 10—1y

NOTICE!

THE FIRM OF

SCOWDRICK & COCHRAN

NOT BEING ASSOCIATED WITH THE

PROMINENT MERCHANTS

OF

MIDDLETOWN,

Will Be OPEN for the Accommodation of Customers UNTIL

9 O'CLOCK P. M.

AND LATER!!

IF NECESSARY.

THANKFUL FOR PAST FAVORS, AND NOT BEING *INDEPENDENT* WE STILL SOLICIT A CALL AT *YOUR* CONVENIENCE.

Very Respectfully,

Scowdrick & Cochran.

Middletown, Delaware.

Oct. 28, 1871—3m

Call at J. F. ELIASON'S, Lockwood's Corner, and examine his new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, and everything usually kept in a first-class country store. We are determined to sell goods low for Cash.

J. F. ELIASON.

Don't Delay!
Send at once!
Free One Year!

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL,

A first-class large quarto, 64 columns, illustrated. The broad field of literature including

AN ORIGINAL STORY

BY THE EDITOR, JAMES P. BOYD, A. M.

And special departments for the farmer, for the young folks, and departments devoted to education, science, art, wit, humor, and general facetiæ, which have made the Journal so popular and given it a circulation of

OVER 50,000 COPIES,

will be continued, and in addition two new features will be introduced for 1872. One a series of illustrated articles. The other a series of articles addressed "Specially to Boys," by the Rev. H. A. Cleaveland, which promisesto be of lively interest to all readers.

This popular Journal, together with its two premium lectures, one by the celebrated President of Princeton College, Rev. Dr. McCosh, and the other by one of the most popular lecturers of the west, Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., L. L. D., President of North Western University, we are now prepared to send FREE to all new subscribers to the TRANSCRIPT and to all subscribers who send us the cash for another year's subscription in advance. Send at once and secure these valuable premiums. Address

TRANSCRIPT,

Nov 25—tf Middletown, Del.

POULTRY,

For which fancy prices can be had. Turkeys for Thanksgiving. Geese and Turkeys for Christmas with Ducks and Chickens added.

Ship on or before Monday, November 27th, for Thanksgiving.

Ship on or before December 21st, for Christmas.

TRY US. ACKER & CO.
Commission Merchants,
77 Robinson St.
New York.

Nov. 18—7w.

Wonders Will Never Cease.

JAMES H. COLLINS

HAS removed to the house formerly occupied by Wm. Cochran, on MAIN ST. and has on hand a superior stock of

Ladies' and Children's Shoes,

which he will sell at the lowest cash prices. Gentlemen's fine calf skin Boots made to order, and repairing of all kinds promptly attended to. A patent metal heel will be supplied to all who wish to give it a trial. For the best boots and shoes of all kinds call on JAMES H. COLLINS,

Apr 29—1y Middletown, Del.

NOTICE

is given to parties who have purchased meat from Thomas Phillips, and had the same charged on the book, that they will pay no one for it but myself, individually, as the whole concern belonged to me. Any person doing contrary to the above, payment will hereafter be demanded by

J. F. SHALLCROSS.

Nov. 18—2w.

FOR SALE.

200,000 *GIANT ASPARAGUS PLANTS,*

AND

80,000 *OSAGE QUICK*

For Sale, at $2 per thousand cash, by

JAMES T. SHALLCROSS,

Nov 11—tf Middletown, Del.

7-30 GOLD LOAN
OF THE
Northern Pacific Railroad Company.
Rapid Progress of the Work.

THE building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last,) is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Seven thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed 266 miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running 130 miles of finished road, and track-laying is progressing towards the eastern border of Dakota. Including the purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the Northern Pacific Company now has 413 miles of completed road, and by September next this will be increased to at least 500.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co. are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a profitable and perfectly safe investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have 30 years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency,) and are secured by first and only mortgage, on the entire road and its equipments, and also, as fast as the road is completed, on 23,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or 360 acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from U. S. Tax; principal and interest are payable in gold; denominations; coupons, $100 to $1,000; registered, $100 to $10,000.

LANDS FOR BONDS. Northern Pacific 7-30's are at at all times receivable at 10 per cent. above par, in exchange for the Company's lands, at their lowest cash prices. This renders them practically interest bearing land warrants.

SINKING FUND. The proceeds of all sales of lands are required to be devoted to the purchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The land grant of the road exceeds fifty million acres. This immense sinking fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment, accessible to the people, which is more profitable or safe.

EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES. The success of the new government 5 per cent. loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five-Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.

OTHER SECURITIES.—All marketable stocks and bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. Express charges on money or bonds received and on Seven-Thirties sent in return, will be paid by the financial agents. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc. can be obtained on application at any agency, or from the undersigned.

JOHN McLEAR & SON,
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No. 602 Market Street, Wilmington.

For sale at the Citizen's National Bank, Middletown.

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THE BITTER ROOT AGUE PILL.

THE undersigned having obtained the most signal and prompt relief from the use of these Pills, concluded to procure a large amount of them to supply the neighborhood. To be certain that the investment would be safe, application was made to one of the most prominent and successful physicians of the country for his opinion of this medicine. He replied:

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Encouraged by this frank and unreserved testimony, I have prepared myself to establish Local Agents wherever the Pills are needed.

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BITTER ROOT PILLS are for sale by CHAMBERLAIN, Pharmaceutist, Middletown, Del.

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